

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 59. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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THE TOWER OF LONDON:

RUINS OF THE GRAND STOREHOUSE, AFTER THE LATE FIRE.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

NEVER do we remember to have seen the love of exaggeration on the one hand, and the appetite for the marvellous on the other, carried to such an excess as on the occasion of the late Fire at the Tower. Not content with the destruction of the Grand Storehouse, the papers must burn down the whole Tower—arsenal, church, donjon, magazines, storehouses, barracks, museums, public offices, and all. Our neighbours across the water, with their usual *verve*, (*Devil! mind you don't print this nerve!*) went into the question in detail; composing most joyfully lachrymose elegies on "*les vingt-et-un rois*," and howling most bewitchingly over the cinders of "*la salle du roi Jean*," and other localities equally unknown on this side of the Channel.

The loss, according to the least enthusiastic of the journals, was between one and two millions. In fact, it has turned out to be less than a quarter of a million—building included. The salvage alone amounts to upwards of twenty thousand pounds.

A large portion, too, of the arms destroyed, were on the old flint principle, whose worthlessness has been signally proved in the late Chinese campaign; where a detached company of our troops, armed with flint muskets, was surrounded by the enemy in great numbers, and unable to fire a shot in their defence, from their *flint locks* being rendered entirely useless by the rain. They were at length relieved by a party of their comrades, supplied with *percussion arms*. That settles the question of Flint versus Copper-cap.

With regard to the building destroyed, it was a *consumed* ugly one before, and will soon rise like a phoenix from, &c. &c. (See all the newspapers, a large majority of the magazines, and the totality of the "private accounts" for the conclusion of the sentence.) Of the *antiquities* preserved in the Tower, very few were placed in the Grand Storehouse; and of these few, the best remain.

But we are not going to describe the whole of the events of the Fire, nor to enumerate the whole of the curiosities saved from its ravages. This has already been done *usque ad nauseam*. It is the scene which our print represents,—that more immediately concerns us.

You are now, as the warder would say, in the Grand Storehouse. Look to the right, and you will see the great anchor taken at Scamper-down, (Camperdown is the word in the Annual Register, but the warder must know :) beyond that, is the gigantic mortar used by King William the Third, (or Fourth, the warder is not sure which,) at the siege of Namur: the upright gun against the wall was taken from the French, (N.B. if there are any Frenchmen in the party, the words "from the French," are delicately suppressed by the cicerone,) at Cherbourg, in the year one-thousand-seven-hundred-and-fifty-eight. Look to the left, and you will see a large collection of ladies and gentlemen anxious to contemplate the awful scene around; and to smuggle away in their muffs and great-coat pockets, (previously emptied of all superfluous gloves and pocket handkerchiefs,) as many pounds weight of gun-locks, and pistol-barrels, as may be likely to pass muster under the sagacious eyes of the cerberus of the A division.*

* Apropos of our friends of the civil force and the worthy relic hunters. One day, a "fair ladye" was making her exit from the ruins, when, to her great alarm, a policeman stepped up. "You can't pass, Marm."—"Not pass! Why not?"—"Board's order, Marm: can't help it: no relics allowed to be taken."—"Relics! what do you mean! Imperent fellow,

The upper line of windows belonged to the *small arms armoury*, where the muskets were stored; the lower one supplied light to the *train of artillery*, so named from having once contained the field train of artillery, since removed to Woolwich. Above these two apartments was the *tent room*, formerly employed as a store-room for the camp equipage, but latterly used to contain the old official papers and volumes of the Ordnance Office. Through the opening of the principal entrance to the train is shewn a portion of the White Tower. The danger of this building from its proximity to the scene of devastation, will immediately be seen. At the time of the fire, its windows were covered with wet blankets, on which water was continually thrown; and every other precaution taken to preserve it from the flames, which ingenuity could devise, or exertion effect. Thank Heaven, the WHITE TOWER still exists! The donjon-keep of the Norman conqueror—the venerable palace of our glorious Edwards and Henries, still looks proudly over the good city of London, and bids as fair to flourish a dozen centuries to come, as when she first raised her snowy head at the bidding of the stout Gundulph of Rochester.

At the period of the Fire, the number of arms in the armoury was considerably below the average amount, which is 600,000 stand. The number of percussion-muskets destroyed was 11,000; with bayonets, 26,000. Flint-locks, 22,000; percussion-locks, 7,000; 12,158 pistols; 75 double-barrelled pistols, with moveable butts; 1,366 swords; 2,271 sword-blades; 2,026 plug-bayonets; 192 spears; 95 pikes; 210 musketoons; 709 carbines; 3 wall-pieces; 279 cuirasses; 276 helmets; and 52 drums. There was also destroyed the military trophy, erected only a few days before the Fire, consisting of Chinese arms, &c. taken by the British troops at the capture of Chusan. The Board of Ordnance have determined on preserving most of the large cannon, &c. which are whole; and those which are injured or broken, are to be recast into their original forms.

The prefixed view has been copied, by permission, from a clever drawing by Edward Falkner, esq., architect, effectively lithographed by Mr. Francis Ireland. It is altogether a most interesting and well executed memorial of the late conflagration.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LET no one say that there is need

Of time for love to grow;

Ah no! the love that kills indeed,

Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees

Is nursed into a flame,

Is habit, friendship, what you please;

But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,

It death at sight should deal,

Should be the first one ever knew,

In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,

For years to play the fool;

'Tis to put passion out to nurse,

And send one's heart to school.

Love all at once should from the earth

Start up full-grown and tall;

If not an Adam at his birth,

He is no love at all.—LORD HOLLAND.

stand out of the way."—"Won't do, Marm, I tell you. Can't allow you to pass with that 'ere wisor of an 'elmet on your face."

The lady had on a patent respirator.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day."—*Shakspeare.*

Of all the Saints, the most worshipped is Valentine; the saint of all young amorists, whom men and birds fondly honour. An old poet thus charmingly invokes this tutelary spirit:

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is!
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove:
The sparrow that neglects his life for love;
The household bird, with the red stomach;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon."—*Donne.*

Such is the rural celebration of the day. Now, some poetical observer of Nature first referred the custom of lovers sending *billets doux* to the pairing of birds, on this day; and however puerile the notion itself may be, it is certain that about the 14th of February, "the bird-month," or sooner or later in the spring, many birds cease their gregarious association, and meet only in pairs for incubation and rearing their young. Hence the vulgar belief, that the first two single persons who meet in the morning of St. Valentine's Day, may have a chance of becoming married to each other. We see nothing improbable in this origin of the practice of "choosing a Valentine." The entire month presents a succession of indications of the renovation of Nature: the flower-buds are generally disclosed on the elder-trees; the hazel begins to put forth its long flowers; and the leaves of the gooseberry and currant-bushes become visible. The little crocus, with its sparkling yellow flowers, and the snowdrop, of pearly whiteness, become frequent; and the polyanthus and hepaticas enliven the garden in mild seasons. The daisy, towards the end of the month, is found in sheltered fields. Immediately after the frost is moderated, the sap ascends in trees. In anticipation of the coming fine weather, several species of birds now begin their songs; among which may be regarded the wren, the hedge-sparrow, and the thrush. Now, the songs of birds are reasonably enough thought to be the effect of pleasurable sensations; because most birds sing only during fair weather; and the supposition that these early songs are the "Valentines" of birds, is not a whit less rational than Buffon's gallant idea, that the male bird sings to cheer his mate during the period of incubation. Prettier still for our own purpose is Rousseau's fancy that birds "confabulate," and more favourable to this theory of vernal courtship. Be this as it may, a provincial accent can be distinguished among the birds of different counties; and hence it is that the chaffinches of Essex are so much more valued than others. The same difference has been remarked in individual birds, which could be readily recognised both by their voice, and the character of their notes. Wilson, the American ornithologist, well remarks, that birds differ as widely as men in tone, energy, and expression. "There was one thrush," he adds, "with whose notes I was so familiar, that I could recognise him the moment I entered the woods. He serenaded the forest with notes as clear as those of the nightingale." We have said that most birds sing only in fair weather; but some will sing in wet weather—and this, perchance, may be melancholy "as a lover's lute."

"As some lone bird at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings be wet the while."—*Bowles.*

The calendarial observance of Saint Valentine's Day is thus explained. It appears to have been the practice

in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno; whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. Valentine was a presbyter of the church, who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, A.D. 271. There is, however, no occurrence related in his legendary life which associates him, in the slightest degree, with the amatory observance of this day; but Wheatley, in his *Illustrations of the Common Prayer*, informs us, that he "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival, (which is still practised,) took its rise from thence." Alack! how many fair hearts have been martyred on this identical day!

"True be it said, whatever man it said,
That Love with gall and honey doth abound;
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound."—*Spenser.*

From the same poet too might we choose some exquisite Valentines—as the following:

"Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spright:
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their godly light.
Not to the sun; for they do shine by night:
Nor to the moon; for they are changed never:
Nor to the stars; for they have purer sight:
Nor to the fire; for they consume not ever:
Nor to the lightning; for they still persevere:
Nor to the diamond; for they are more tender:
Nor unto crystal; for nought they seem sever:
Nor unto glass; such baseness nought offend her.
Then to the Maker's self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see."

Again:

"Of this world's theatre, in which we stay,
My Love, like the spectator, idly sits,
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguising diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion sits,
And mark in mirth, like to a comedy:
Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart;
But when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart.
What then can move her! if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senseless stone."

The Valentine custom, however, appears to have changed, with time, from a lottery of hearts to the sending of *billets doux*. Originally, young people drew lots on the eve of Valentine's day: the names of a select number of each sex were put into separate vessels, when each person drew one, which was called their Valentine, and was looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards. Brand assures us that he found "unquestionable authority to prove that the custom of choosing Valentines,

was a sport practised in the homes of the gentry in England, as early as the year 1476." We find reference of even still earlier date, (1440) in the Harleian MS. by John Lydgate, the monk of Bury, in a poem written by him in praise of Queen Catherine, wife of Henry V.:

"Seynte Valentine, of custom yeere by yeere,
Men have an usance in this region,
To loke and serche Cupide's Kalendere,
And chose their choyse by grete affectioun,
Such as ben prike with Cupides mocioun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle,
But I lov oon which excellith alle."

There are also some early poetical Valentines preserved in the works of Charles Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII. of France: he was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and remained in England twenty-five years, and called his mistress his *Valentine*. In the royal library of MSS. in the British Museum, is a magnificent volume containing his writings whilst in England: it belonged to Henry VIII., for whom it was copied from olden MSS.; it is illuminated, and one painting represents the Duke seated at a writing-table, in the White Tower of London.

Chaucer refers to the rural tradition of birds choosing their mates on this day; and Shakspeare says:

"St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Shakspeare also testifies the custom of looking out of a window for a Valentine, or desiring to be one, by making Ophelia sing:

"Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

Hence, Dr. Jamieson, the etymologist, states the term Valentine to be restricted to "persons," whereas the *billets* are so denominated.

Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, has the following:

"To his Valentine, on St. Valentine's Day.
Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates and couple too this day;
But by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my Valentine."

Another pretty allusion to this tradition of the Bird-month, is the following from Boileau:

"To Dorinda, on Valentine's Day.
Look how, my dear, the feathered kind,
By mutual caresses joyn'd,
Bill, and seem to teach us two,
What we to love and custom owe.
Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give,
But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain;
Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name."

In one of Poor Robin's early Almanacks, date 1676, under February 14, we find:

"Now Andrew, Anthony,
Ny, and William,
For Valentines draw,
Prue, Kate, Julian,"

The custom appears to have been formerly an expensive one; for, with the Valentine was usually sent some costly present, as richly-embroidered gloves. Fynes Morrison, (1617) records this practice. It seems, however, to have been soon afterwards discontinued; for Dudley, Lord North, writing to his brother says, "a lady of wit and qualitie, whom you well know, would never put herself to the chance of a Valentine, saying that she could never couple herself but by choyce. The custom and charge of Valentines is not ill left (off), with many other such costly and idle customs, which, by a tacit general consent, we lay down as obsolete." We should, however, have mentioned, that Brand quotes a passage from Moresin, which tends to show that in ancient times, at the festival of St. Valentine, men made presents to the women, as the women did to the men at other seasons. A vestige of this custom remains to our time, in Devonshire; where, on St. Valentine's Day, a young woman occasionally thus addresses the first young man she meets:

"Good morrow, Valentine, I go to-day,
To wear for you what you must pay,
A pair of gloves next Easter-day."

"And new gloves are generally sent on Easter-eve by the young man whom any fair damsel may have selected to make her such a present, by thus inviting him to do it. It is not, however, very common to send the gloves, unless there is a little sweethearting in the case."

Misson, the lively French traveller, who visited England early in the last century, thus minutely describes the custom at that period: "On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England, and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means, each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that is fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their fair mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms and sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love." This account, by the way, favours Dr. Jamieson's interpretation, of the persons and not the billets being the Valentines: the latter is certainly the case in our time; but here, as in many other changes, we have the shadow for the substance.

Gay, the poet of pastoral life, has left us an illustration of some rural ceremonies common on the morning of this day in his time:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours, with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine, (for so should housemaids do.)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

The following pretty custom at Midsummer, that season of superstition, is nearly akin to the Valentine. It is a relic of the Druidical times, and is thus related in the *Connoisseur*, No. 60: "Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden,

upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." Mrs. Bray relates this custom to be still practised in Devonshire, with the variation, that the maiden who plucks the rose is to be blindfolded, and while the chimes are playing twelve. We heard the condition, in our "careless childhood," that the rose is to be gathered while the clock is striking twelve at mid-day.

We now come to certain vestiges of Valentine customs, which appear to have a classic origin. In some villages of Kent, the young maidens, from five or six to eighteen years of age, assemble to burn an uncouth effigy, which they term "a holly boy," and which they obtain from the boys; while in another part of the village, the boys burn an effigy, which they call an "ivy girl," and which they steal from the girls. These practices have been referred to some of the rustic incantations described by Theocritus, as the means of recalling a truant lover, or of warming a cold one, as in these lines:—

"First Delphin injured me, he raised my flame,
And now I burn this bough in Delphin's name."

Virgil, too, in his eighth Eclogue, alludes to the same charm:—

"Next in the fire, the bays with brimstone burn,
And whilst it crackles in the sulphur, say,
That I for Daphnis burn, thus Daphnis burn away."

The holly bush being made to represent the person beloved, may also be borrowed from the ancients, as in Virgil:—

"Thrice round the altar I the image draw."

In some parts of Dorsetshire, too, the young folks purchase wax candles, light them, and let them remain burning all night in their bed-room. The latter may possibly be emblematic of mollifying the beloved one's heart:—

"As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire,
Let Myndian Delphis melt with soft desire."—Theocritus.

Again, these burning bushes and candles may be taken from the Hymeneal torch, which is believed to have been borne at English weddings, as in the pagan rite. Herrick thus touchingly refers to the custom:—

"Upon a maid that dyed the day she was married.
That morn' which saw me made a bride,
That ev'ning witnessed that I dy'd,
These holy lights wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers for to burne,
And light my relics to their urne.
This epitaph which you here see,
Supply'd the epithalamie."—Hesperides.

We can readily understand the choice of the holly and ivy for the rural rites: the former is supposed to have been named from its frequent use in *holy* places; and, without going back to a classic age, we find the ivy inseparable from the sacred tree of our own island—the oak of the Druids. What plants could then be more typical of chaste love than these consecrated evergreens? their leafiness, too, at this bough-bare season, would well denote the freshness of youthful passion, and the readiness with which they burn be fancifully representative of the ardour of first love. The wax candles may, however, be a relic of Candlemas-tide, (just ended,) and its emblematical demonstrations of joy, by means of burning tapers and torches; which, observes a zealous, and kindly Catholic writer, "belong to almost every religion, which shows that it has its foundation in the nature of man."

Valentine-tide has, too, its floral observances, notwith-

standing the early season. In Dorsetshire, it is customary in many places for the maids to hang up in the kitchen, on Valentine's day, a bunch of such flowers as they can obtain, neatly suspended by a true lover's knot of blue riband. Among these early love-flowers are the varieties of the chaste hyacinth, the narcissus of ancient fable, the Daphne mezereum.

"Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset,
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray."—Cowper.

the "unmarried primrose" of the poets, "the polyanthus of unnumbered dyes," and the yellow crocus, which blows plentifully in our gardens about this time, and has been called Hymen's torch, and flower of St. Valentine. An old verse says:—

"The crocus blows before the shrine,
At vernal dawn of St. Valentine."

We read, too, "as crocuses are often blue, so is our love often constant; as they are oftener yellow, so love is more frequently jealous; as the cloth of gold is mostly striped with red, so doth an advantageous affection, which bringeth the gold, generally begette the stripes of repentance, and the purple dye of remorse." Here our floral illustrations must end, lest they extend through two thousand years. For a woman to compose a garland was always considered an indication of her being in love. Aristophanes says:—

"The wreathing garlands in a woman is
The usual symptom of a love-sick mind."

Notwithstanding the simplicity of these "unproved pleasures," they have long been discarded from the drawing-room, and consigned to the hall "below stairs;" the celebration has lost its rural character, and passed into the artificial life of towns, where it is too often made the vehicle of ill-natured satire, and personal ridicule. Nevertheless, a Valentine may often laugh the receiver out of his follies, when a more serious reproof might render him obstinate in absurdity. Some twenty years ago, St. Valentine had his temples and votaries in town in great numbers. The stationers' shops, on the 14th of February, were sacred to him; and, adorned like so many altars dedicated to worshippers of that second religion, Love, were all flames, Hymeneal torches, flutter-winged Cupids, lovers, loves, &c.; and, not to prevaricate with a pun, every pane had a pleasure in it for every taste, where the satirical rogues might have their merry muscles tickled with some impossible caricature of some improbable garret beau, or an antiquated spinster ogling a Cupid with one eye, and with the other a red ensign on half-pay, who seemed to be dying with the most passionate impatience for her sixty thousand in the funds; and the serious and sentimental, and purely amorous, might look themselves blind as Love himself at Venuses in bowers, all red paint and roses, and no green leaves; or they might sigh over a young Hebe in petticoats, with the colour that was intended for her cheeks running in an accidental smear over the tip of her nose, as if she had drunk too much of the immortal nectar. The young misses, too, who were beginning to feel an interest in the tender passion, might pine, surreptitiously, over a superfine young gentleman, in pink pantaloons and yellow boots, till her sighs, clouding the window-pane, concealed him in an ambrosial veil from her gaze. And then the postman, who disdained on this day to be called a "penny postman," was as heavy with verse as the most wordy of the Lake poets; his knock was full-informed with passion, and its eager sound was echoed in every heart under thirty, wherever it was heard; a great fluttering was heard among the maids and the misses; there was much giggling in parlour and hall; much hurried reading behind street-doors; many hearts were broken

(wax ones), and many a poem, of no great pretensions, beginning,

Eliza, dear, I now impart
The anguish of my constant heart,

had a reception which might make Shakspeare himself pale with envy. The old maids, it is true, though not good critics of verse, were prodigiously impatient of "such stuff," and were therefore persecuted by the young maids with outrageous pictures of lovers with sugar-tong thighs, parenthesis legs, oblique eyes, and heads of hair in such modish disorder, that they looked as if they had been combed with a *cheveux-de-frise*.* Such was the Valentine's day of twenty years since; when, to such an extent was this sending of satire carried, that in London alone, the increase of two-penny post letters on St. Valentine's day, in 1821, exceeded 200,000! Now, on Valentine's day, 1840, the general post letters appear to have increased about five per cent., and the London district post about thirty per cent. upon the numbers of the preceding day. In 1841, the increase in the *entire Valentine week* of general post letters was but 203,536, and that of the London district letters, 38,207. This falling off reminds us of a common assertion, that what the present generation have gained in head, they have lost in heart; and in this unpoetic age, it were vain to look for the revival of a custom, in the first instance, borrowed from nature herself; and, perchance, from the most cheerful tribes of the creation—those blithe spirits, to one of whom the poet sings with impassioned exquiteness:—

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now."

Shelley to the Skylark.

Perchance "the schoolmaster" has whipped such romantic notions out of every one of the present generation; and the science-mongers have taught them to electrotypes the affections, or set up St. Daguerre to the pulling down of St. Valentine.

SONGS OF THE AUSTRALIANS.

(Concluded from Page 55.)

The following is a very good specimen of one of their comic songs, and is often sung by the natives in the vicinity of King George's Sound:

Mat-ta, mat-ta,
Yungore bya,
Mat-ta, mat-ta,
Yungore bya,
&c. &c. &c.

Translation.

Oh, what legs, oh, what legs,
The kangaroo-rumped fellows,
Oh, what legs, oh, what legs,
&c. &c. &c.

Sometimes, but rarely, songs are composed to perpetuate the remembrance of some remarkable circumstance. Thus, when Miago, the first native who ever quitted Perth, was taken away in H.M. surveying vessel *Beagle*, in 1838, the following song was composed by a native, and was constantly sung by his mother, (at least, so she says,) during his absence; and it has ever since been a great favourite:

Ship bal win-jal bat-tar-dal gool-an-eeen,
Ship bal win-jal bat-tar-dal gool-an-eeen,
&c. &c. &c.

Whither is that lone ship wandering,
Whither is that lone ship wandering,
&c. &c. &c.

* From a pleasant paper in the Literary Pocket-book.

Again, on Miago's safe return, the song given below was composed by a native, after he had heard Miago recount his adventures:

Kan-de maar-o, kan-de maar-a-lo,
Tsail-o marra, tsail-o mar-ra-loo,
&c. &c. &c.

Unsteadily shifts the wind-o, unsteadily shifts the wind-o,
The sails-o handle, the sails-o handle-o.

When choruses are sung, they clap their hands in time to the air, so that the effect produced is very good. The following translation of a chant is rendered as literally into English, as the great difference between the languages permits.

The reader must imagine a little hut formed of sticks, alanting into the ground, with pieces of bark resting against them, so as to form a rude shelter from the wind; underneath this were seated round a fire, five persons—an old man and his four wives; one of these was considerably younger than the others, and being a new acquisition, all but herself were treated with cold neglect. One of her rivals had resolved not to submit patiently to this, and when she saw her husband's cloak spread to form a couch for the new comer, she commenced chanting as follows, addressing old Weer-ang her husband:

Wherefore came you, Weer-ang,
In my beauty's pride;
Stealing cautiously,
Like the tawny Boreang,
On an unwilling bride?
'Twas thus you stole me
From one who loved me tenderly:
A better man he was than thee,
Who having forced me thus to wed
Now so oft deserts my bed.
Yang, yang, yang, yoh.

Oh, where is he who won
My youthful heart;
Who oft used to bless,
And call me loved one?
You, Weer-ang, tore apart,
From his fond caress,
Her, whom you now desert and shun;
Out upon thee, faithless one:
Oh, may the Boyl-yas† bite and tear
Her, whom you take your bed to share.
Yang, yang, yang, yoh.

Wherefore does she slumber
Upon thy breast,
Once again to-night,
Whilst I must number
Hours of sad unrest,
And broken plight.
Is it for this that I rebuke
Young men, who dare at me look?
Whilst she, replete with arts and wiles,
Dishonours you, and still beguiles.

This attack upon her character was more than the younger female could be expected to submit to; she, therefore, in return, chanted:

Oh, you lying, artful one,
Wag away your dirty tongue;
I have watched your tell-tale eyes,
Beaming love, without disguise:
I've seen young Imbat nod and wink,
Often, perhaps, than you may think.

What further she might have said is not known; but a blow on the head from her rival, which was given with the stick used for digging up roots, brought on a general engagement; and the dispute was finally settled by the husband beating several of his wives severely about the head with a hammer!

The ferocity of the women, when they are excited, exceeds that of the men; they deal dreadful blows at one another with their long sticks, and if ever the husband is about to spear

* Boreang, a male native dog. † Boyl-ya, native sorcerer.

or beat one of his wives, the others are certain to set on her, and treat her with great inhumanity!

Next is a translation of a chant sung by an old woman, to incite the men to avenge the death of a young man, who died from a natural cause, but whose death she attributed to witchcraft and sorcery; the natives, who listened to her attentively, called her chanting "goranween," or abusing. She appeared straddling, waving her wand, or long digging-stick in the air, and rocking her body to and fro, whilst her kangaroo-skin cloak floated behind her in the wind. She was thus the *beau ideal* of a witch. The following is the sense of the words she used, at least, as nearly as it is possible to express their force and meaning in English:

The blear-eyed sorcerers of the north,
Their vile enchantments sung and wove,
And in the night they issued forth,
A direful people-eating drove.
Feasting on our loved one,
With gore-dripping teeth and tongue,
The wretches sat, and gnawed, and ate,
Whilst their victim soundly slept.

Yho, yang, yho yang, yang yho.

Ay—unconsciously he rested
In a slumber too profound;
The vile boyl-yas sat and feasted,
On the victim they had bound
In resistless lethargy.
Mooli-go, our dear young brother,
Where is another like to thee?
Tenderly loved by thy mother,
We again shall never see
Mooli-go, our dear young brother.

Yho, yang yho, ho, ho.

Men, who ever bold have been,
Are your long spears sharpened well?
Is the keen quartz fixed anew?
Let each shaft upon them tell.
Poise your *meer-ros*, long and true:
Let the kileys whizz and whirl
In strange contortions through the air;
Heavy dow-uks at them hurl!
Shout the yell they dread to hear.
Let the young men leap on high,
To avoid the quivering spear;
Light of limb, and quick of eye,
Who sees well, has nought to fear.
Let them shift, and let them leap,
When the quick spear whistling flies;
Woe to him who cannot leap!
Woe to him who has had eyes!

When one of these old bags has entered upon a chant of this kind, nothing but complete exhaustion induces her to stop; and the instant she pauses, another takes up the burthen of her song. The effect some of them produce upon the assembled men is very great; in fact, these addresses of the old women are the cause of most of the disturbances which take place. As these chants are entirely uttered on the spur of the moment, there is generally abundant evidence of passion and feeling about them; together with great variety of expression. [We have somewhat abridged the preceding from the chapter on "Songs and Poetry," in the *Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia*, by George Grey, Esq. Governor of South Australia: a work of surpassing interest and invaluable information upon this portion of the New World, the moral and physical condition of the aboriginal inhabitants, &c.—Ed. L. S. J.]

New Books.

THE SPORTING SKETCH-BOOK. EDITED BY JOHN WILLIAM CARLETON, ESQ.

This elegant volume contains "a series of characteristic papers, by the most distinguished writers of the day."

among whom are "The Hermit in Leicestershire," Lord William Lennox, the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P., Mr. John Mills, "the Old English Gentleman," and the editor himself, who has done more than any writer of his time to raise the character of sporting literature,—a task "reserved for the gallant and the gentle." We find, too, a very agreeable sprinkling of trans-Atlantic sporting; as the papers by "a Gentlemen of Kentucky," (not of the Crockett school,) and "an Old Backwoodsman;" and, last, though not least, Mr. W. H. Perley, "the New Brunswicker," whose reply to the editor's request, that he would send one of his sketches, is truly characteristic: it is dated "Lake Tenuiscouata," and states, "that his abode, at the time, in the primeval forest, for the purpose of assigning territories to several of the Indian tribes, alone prevented his compliance with the editor's wish:" the paper from his pen, in the present volume, is, therefore, from an American periodical: it is a very charming sketch—*La Belle Tolotah*—with scarcely a line of still-life in it, such as your chamber sportsmen write; but every page is rife with sparkling incident, and redolent of beautiful nature. How characteristic is the writer's ascent of the Obscache, "at times paddling along its rich alluvial banks, covered with luxuriant vegetation, beside which the deep, dark waters of the river flowed with gentle current; and then, again, toiling and struggling up a boiling rapid, in some narrow, rocky pass, where the pent-up waters were broken and lashed into foam, ere they regained their usual steady and placid course." Then, the taking of trout from the canoes as they glided along; and the shooting of green sandpipers, which, when carefully stripped of the feathers, and dressed, looked very like little lumps of butter. The progress through "the burnt country" is, however, harder fare:

"No description can do justice to the difficulty of passing through a piece of 'burnt wood,' where the trees have fallen, and cover the ground with massive net-work; and, encumbered as we were with our heavy packs, guns, rods, and spears, which it was frequently necessary to lay down, in order to use the axes, our progress was necessarily slow. To add to our discomfort, there was not a breath of air stirring, to temper the suffocating heat, or relieve us from the tormenting stings of the mosquitoes and black flies, which assailed us in perfect clouds, covering our necks and temples with blood, and setting us half mad with the irritation arising from their incessant bites. The stifling heat, and motionless state of the atmosphere, were suddenly relieved by the rush and roar of one terrific blast of wind, which barely preceded the vivid flash of the forked lightning, and the loud and startling crash of the heavy thunder; the rain followed, not in drops, but in perfect sheets, as if a floodgate had just been opened, and the water allowed to pour down upon the parched and thirsty earth in one unbroken column."

At length, however, the party reach the shelter of the green-wood, and there setting fire to the pendulous bark of grey birch-tree, it instantly blazed all along the trunk, even to the very top—a height of some 30 or 40 feet; and, by the light of this natural torch, they were enabled to select their ground; with two salmon-spears, and a Mackintosh cloak, they formed a dry camp, and a roaring fire next gave a cheerful appearance to the spot; and the toils for the night being over, the party ate their supper, enjoyed their jokes, and sank into dull sleep, lulled by the low rolling of the thunder, as it died away in the distance, and the soft patter of the rain, which fell gently and steadily on their wigwam. Further on, we meet with some information respecting a tribe of Indians, of whom two or three specimens have lately landed at Liverpool, and were, the other day, enjoying the sights of Windsor Castle:

"The Micmacs were formerly a very fierce and powerful

tribe of Indians, who possessed the whole of Nova Scotia, and all the eastern coast of New Brunswick, to the Baie des Chaleurs, where the River Nepisiguit formed the boundary between them and the Mohawks, a brave and numerous people, yet more fierce and not so deceitful as the Micmacs. The Mohawks are long since extinct in this part of British America; and I am not aware that any of the real descendants of this high-spirited and untameable people can now be said to exist. The Micmacs are still scattered along our eastern coast in very considerable numbers; they are a people much attached to the sea-side, seldom wandering far from it; whence the Micmacs, who delight in penetrating into the depths of the forest, and roaming among the lakes and streams in the interior of the province, call them 'salt-water Indians,' always speaking of them with great contempt, from their want of skill in hunting, and their disregard of the mysteries of woodcraft, upon which the Micmacs so much pride themselves."

The heroine of the sketch is Tolotah, a Micmac girl:

"She was a bright flower of the forest, numbering about sixteen summers, whom, from the moment of her coming, we had been gazing upon and admiring. Tolotah was one of the most perfect Indian beauties I ever beheld; light, easy, and graceful in her motions, with a magnificent, dark, and sparkling eye, full of life and intelligence. Her silvery voice and sunny smile were really enchanting; quite too much, we soon found, for the susceptibility of our young Indian, Mahteen, who was speechless with admiration, and watched every movement of the fair young squaw, and each glance of her bright eye, as if perfectly fascinated."

How Tolotah is wooed by an ugly Indian chief, old enough to be her father, and how he is displaced by the susceptible Mahteen, we have not space to tell; but pass on to notice a few of the other sketches. The Editor's chapter on Otter Hunting, with a narrative of a hunt in the New Forest, in 1840, by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, is thus spiritedly wound up:

"The district of the British Lakes, so celebrated for natural beauties, is also remarkable for the picturesque character of its otter hunting. The sedgy borders of the great Cumberland and Northumberland waters, abound with the sleek-coated *amphibia*. When the quarry is put up from the luxuriant shelter that fringes their green margins, he boldly faces the swelling hills that encompass them, and straightway a chase ensues, as animating, if not as orthodox, as ever swept the velvet vale of Belvoir, or woke the echoes of the classic Coplow. True, no couragers of price race neck and neck, to charge the living rampart, or clear the swollen torrent, but stout yeomen meet in generous contest, breasting the mountain-side with lungs that exercise has made elastic as the sir itself; thews and sinews that health and labour have taught to scoff at toil. The philosopher may look with contempt on the joys of field and forest—the money-changer hold frivolous all business of the flood, save that relating to the freighted 'argosy'—I pin not my faith on their creeds. 'Merrie England!' I would not bate one iota of thy hereditary privileges. Art, science, letters, commerce,—all these I would fain see prosper; but of thy rural pleasures, not one must depart from thy plains; we could spare a better thing."

Lord William Lennox has contributed some "Sporting Recollections of the Canadas;" among which is the remark of a New York *schneider*—one of a party to "the Falls:"

"The tailor made a single note—
Gods! what a place to spong a coat."

The following is a singularity, which is common to the elk:

"When the animal runs, though not at full speed, the joints of his limbs make a great noise, like flints falling on each other, or like the breaking of nuts. The quincunx, advertised by this noise, waits the approach of the elk, darts back upon its back, fixing its claws in its throat, and then tears the creature's neck, a little below the ears, till it falls down. It is remarkable that this animal, which is not larger than a

badger, should kill the elk, which exceeds the size of a horse, and is so strong as to slay a man or wolf, with a single stroke of his foot. But the fact is attested by so many authorities, as to render it altogether unquestionable."

Next is one of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's "Traits of the Fox and the Red Deer:"

"At this moment, there is in the park at Berkeley, a bald-faced hind, that, at Cranford, afforded me twenty-three of my best runs. She was the most gallant creature in existence. Enlarge her where you would, she seemed to have a way of selecting the best line of country, and nothing could turn or stop her. On—on, she flew, till she was tired, and then only she showed a knowledge of her artificial state; for, if run into a wide piece of water, she would seek me or my brother for protection, come to the side of the pond or river, and without a struggle, allow us to put our whips round her neck, and capture her in safety. When I gave up the stag-hounds, at Cranford, she was enlarged for life in the park at Berkeley, and at this moment—and, for a deer, at an immense age, she walks about at the head of the herd, unharmed by all her adventures."

Some very pleasant banter is "Hints to Anglers, probably by the late Jonathan Swift, D.D."—e. g.

"Of course, you would wish to look knowing: therefore, wear a French jelly-bag cap, with a long, hanging crown and tassel, and put your lines and flies inside. If the points of the latter trouble your head a little, they will be less likely to be blown away, when you lift your cap to get them out: and if they do drop out, and fall in the water, they will not be altogether lost, but will serve to bait the stream for you. You cannot have too many pockets to your fishing jacket: it looks business-like. And as flies are plaguy catching things, and will be hooking every thing but what they ought, if they now and then fasten in your coat, it needs only a slit with one of the numerous blades of your sportsman's knife, and they are free again."

"You are not so young, we dare say, as ever to ask leave to angle any where; because, if you are refused, you cannot so well afterwards fish, (which, of course, you mean to do,) without a deliberate trespass. Whereas, if you have never asked, and are caught walking coolly into a preserve, it is only a mistake (from ignorance); and, on being turned off, you are no worse than if you had asked, and been refused. By-the-bye, in such case, never give your name. We rather think it is not wanted for any good."

"As to carrying all your tackle with you, that would be out of the question. And if it were not, you would not be such a spooney as that slow old folgrum, your uncle, whom you have seen laying out his flies, and looking over his rod and tackle, before starting into the water, as if he were not sure they were his own."

"If you see an experienced elderly gentleman catch a good fish, that is the place for you. [Go to it immediately; the closer to him the better. His fish may have relations looking for it. The gentleman may be a little crusty, but it is mere jealousy."

"If you have fished the whole day without a rise, it is a sign that the fish are not taking. You may safely put off your sport till another opportunity."

The Editor's paper on Newmarket is a capital description of that hot-bed of wealth, interspersed with valuable experiences of the true philosophy of horse-flesh. Here is a vignette:

"On either hand are buildings, of a style for which you are not prepared. On the right rises a terrace, crowned with mansions fitted for May-fair, all peopled from the 'Red Book;' on the left is a row of a more unpretending character. Among its many snug tenements, there was one that attracted by its peculiar air of neatness and elegance, looking like a villa come down for a week's visit, from Cheltenham or St. Leonard's,—that was the *dulce domum* of poor Arthur Pavis, whether in person, household, horse-flesh, or aught else that was his, among the natty, nattyest. 'But hold! methinks I hear you exclaim, why here are more bricks and mortar come a visiting

surely that is an acquaintance from St. James's street!—is not its usual site adjoining the Guards' Club? . . . Excellently conceived! it is Crockford's; that is to say, it is his *better half*, the shrine of his Penates, Fortuna having been worshipped alone at the altar of the great city. It is here that the mighty fisher of men may be found, now that the hurly-burly's done!

"We shall not easily find the parallel of a community, where all is exotic, and opposed to the ordinary course. Here it is *all* high life—above stairs, below stairs, and in the outbuildings. The state supported by the leaders of the racing world, is sufficiently denoted by the position they occupy in society; the style in which the trainers and jockeys live, may be imagined, when it is understood that, among them, the course of income varies from £2000 to £500 a-year, (I should say, certainly, nothing under that latter sum is earned even by the boys who rank as regular Newmarket riders,) and they have not the expenses of servants and equipages, incidental to others similarly situated, in a pecuniary point of view; and then, for the latter, the aristocracy of the stable, unless it be in the harem of the sultan, where are those that are tended and cared for as they are?"

The hero of a sketch—"Diamond cut Diamond," by the Editor, is thus thrown off:

"Not the least remarkable productions of civilized life are those curiosities in economics, specimens of which are to be daily met with in the coffee-rooms of Steven's, Limmer's, Long's, or indeed, any of the fashionable hotels in this or any other metropolis. These constitute a class, or *genus*, whose *property* consists in being enabled to dispense with the vulgar provision of the law of nature, which declares, '*ex nihilo nihil fit*.' Not only out of nothing do they accomplish an excellent fit, but they are better suited and supplied from less than nothing, than any other portion of society at any cost whatever. Upon this principle alone was I able to account for the *status* of the little exquisite, who, I learnt, represented what was the carrot-poll'd, shabby-genteel, Connaught inelegant extract, that infested Morrison's, and similar Dublin rendezvous, during my sojourn in that city in 1828. In Leamington, I found him decidedly the best-dressed, the best-mounted, and the best-appointed, of all the aspirants to figure in that aristocratic resort. 'And so,' said my informant, 'you did not recognize S—, eh? Well, I am not surprised at it, for, if he were turned loose into his father's haggard, I am satisfied the house-dog would eat him.'"

Two or three poetic trifles are dovetailed into pages; we subjoin one:

"INSCRIPTION ON A CIGAR CASE."

Beneath the Portrait of a favourite Terrier, that belonged to the Writer.

To One alone that, through a chequer'd fate,
I knew who lov'd the man, and not his state:—
To One that, let or good or ill betide,
No lure could tempt, to wander from my side;
Nor win away th' impassioned look that burn'd
In the soft eye that ever on me turn'd—
Whom no caprice could weary or estrange—
No chance could influence, no fortune change—
That still, in all, was honest, fond, and true,
I fain would pay the tribute that is due;
And seeing men would doubt such truth could be,
In mortal love, or human constancy,
To prove the purpose, and the praise sincere,
I caused the answer to be painted here.

J. W. C.

The volume is embellished with eleven large and superb copper-plate engravings, including a Frontispiece of H. R. H. Prince Albert with his Beagles. The remaining subjects include Flying Childers, from an original picture; The Wanderer Yacht, (after Brierly, in which Mr. Boyd is now on a voyage round the world; and Chicken-Hazard—Cayenne, "a fine rollicking Scotch terrier," seizing a dog-fox, who had just "broke" with a pet bantam in his mouth: this is really a very sparkling group, most spiritedly engraved by Prior.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.—No. 1.

A LONDON shoe-dealer writing to "his maker" at Northampton, exclaimed: "I am inundated with Boots!" Now, we are "inundated" with Literary Novelties—some, wishy-washy, to be sure; but, as Mr. Ainsworth's Magazine is of the first water, it has the prime claim to our attention.

The New Miscellany is of the Bentleian class; although, it aims at higher game. To begin at the beginning, the emblematic wrapper, designed by Tony Johannot, is not a whit in advance of our old favourite, by Cruikshank. The obverses and arms of Victoria and Elizabeth, (not Elizabeth and Victoria,) seem to promise more than the literature of our day; and the Prince of Wales's Feathers are about as legitimate here as in the Christmas pantomimes: still, the design is pleasing, and had the larger figures been the supporters, the insignia of Royalty would have been safer. We are glad to find that the new Magazine "has the advantage of a transfer, by Mr. George Cruikshank, of all the most attractive features, serious and comic, which distinguished his Omnibus;" we say that we are glad of this—because Transfer of such Stock is always welcome. Passing over "a few words" of explanation, (would that they had been fewer,) we reach an agreeable joke let off at the expense of Mr. Bentley, when he first projected his *Miscellany*, which, though a piece of literary gossip, is not publicly known. "I advertised it," said Bentley, "as the *Wits' Miscellany*, but thinking it would be difficult to find wit enough every month, I withdrew the announcement, and resolved to call it BENTLEY'S *Miscellany* instead." "Why, yes," said a distinguished humourist, "there was good reason why you should not call it the *Wits' Miscellany*, but why go to the opposite extreme?"

"The Preliminary Address" is as droll a piece of prospectus-writing as ever we encountered: it begins with condemning all promises, and ends with promising every thing—even Philosophy and Science, in this "Magazine of Romance, General Literature, and Art." This self-contradiction, by the way, reminds us of some fertile projectors who promise everything in knowledge, but "nothing particular,"—and they keep their word, like the grateful *beneficiare*, who assured his audience that he should never "remember" their kindnesses. But, this joke is *foreign* to our purpose—the promises of Mr. Ainsworth, who makes out a case that a new periodical, under certain circumstances, "was never so desirable as now:" though this has been the *postulatum* of every prospectus, since Old Cave set to work in that venerable Ark—St. John's Gate—upon the Gentleman's Magazine: he was, indeed, the Patriarch of Periodicals—"the Beadle of the Universe" of Letters—the Square of "the Literary World," everlastingly looking to the fitness of things, weighing the dust of the old world in his monthly balance, and settling dates with the curls of his glorious wig.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Ainsworth, "that a plan which invests the real property and the real responsibility of a Magazine in *literary* hands, may give greater freedom to writers in the selection and treatment of their subjects and therefore, be more favourable to the exercise of their talents, than is frequently the case under established arrangements"—the latter being a delicate phrase for publishers becoming their own editors, or adhering to the "non-intrusion" system about as closely as our ministries have done in the politics of Europe. Every body recollects the short-sighted fellow being his own lawyer, and having a fool for his client; and the publisher who attempts to be his own editor we take to enjoy a like enviable rank in the

march of intellect. The counter and the closet—the shop and the snuggery—have nothing in common; and the impersonation of conceit who imagines that he can control the ledger and the literature with the same head, has so small a share of common sense that he can ill afford to divide it.

But, we must quote a portion of the Address, showing the consequence of this entire control, provided it be uninterruptedly carried out:

"The advantages thus enjoyed will lead, it may be presumed, to a higher tone of literary speculation, as well as to a more steadfast moral endeavour, on the part of the poet, the essayist, and the critic. Loftier aims and truer purposes may be here secured, without in the slightest degree cramping those attractive pages that must be reserved for Romance, or excluding even one of those lighter accessories of the Magazine which divert the gay-hearted reader—(setting him thinking, perhaps, while he laughs,)—in the guise of humorous incident and playful satire—in the jest that is born with a smile rather than a sneer—in piquant sketches of society, notabilia of travel, and portraits of eccentricity, many-sided and mysterious."

The Magazine opens with the Editor's "Tale of the Times of Hogarth—the Miser's Daughter"—the sheet-anchor of the Number: there are two chapters, containing some very promising introductions, in which Mr. Ainsworth is unusually happy in the matters of costume, &c. Here is a life-like portrait of *Jacob Post*, the miser Scarve's servant:

"The formidable certainly predominated over the ridiculous in Jacob's appearance. He was six feet two in height, with a large-boned frame, not encumbered with too much flesh, and immense hands and feet. Though slightly inked, he held himself as erect as an old soldier. He had a grim black muzzle, a wide mouth garnished with keen white teeth, the masticatory powers of which he had just so satisfactorily exhibited, thick and jetty eyebrows, and an enormous nose slightly tinged towards its extremity with a mulberry hue. He wore an old gray cloth coat, of the formal cut, in vogue about twenty years before, with a row of plate buttons extending from the collar to the skirts, as well as others on the pockets, and which coat, though it only reached to his knees, must have dangled down to its original owner's ankles. His waistcoat was of the same material as the upper garment, and evidently dated back to the same remote period. A dirty neckcloth which looked positively white from its contrast with his swarthy chin, was twisted round his throat. He possessed great personal strength, and, indeed, was reported to have driven off, single-handed, three house-breakers, who had contrived one night to effect an entrance into his master's habitation. It was thought that the miser retained him as much for self-defence as for his other services; and it was even said that in some money-lending transactions in which Mr. Scarve had been engaged with suspicious characters, Jacob stood by on guard."

Next is Peter Pokerich, the barber, and a stranger to:

"One night, at the latter end of April, 1744, just as Peter Pokerich was in the act of shutting up his shop, he observed a horseman turn out of King-street, and ride towards him. It was sufficiently light to enable him to discover, on a nearer approach, that the stranger was a young man, about one or two and twenty, with a tall, well-proportioned figure, at once vigorous and symmetrical, extremely regular and finely formed features, glowing with health and manly beauty, and slightly, though not unbecomingly, embrowned by exposure to the sun. Apparently disdaining to follow the fashion of the period, or proud of his own waving, brown locks, the young man suffered them to fall in their native luxuriance over his shoulders. The fashion of his dark green riding-dress—which, ill-made as it appeared in the eyes of the knowing barber, revealed his fine figure to great advantage, as well as his general appearance—proclaimed him from the

country. Looking hard at Peter as he advanced, the stranger drew up beside him.

'Can you tell me where Mr. Scarve lives?' he asked.

Peter started, and stared at his interrogator in speechless astonishment. The young man looked surprised in his turn, and repeated the inquiry.

'Miser Scarve—beg pardon—Mr. Scarve; but he is generally known by the former name hereabouts,' cried Peter. 'Oh yes, sir; I do know where Mr. Scarve lives.'

'Then, probably you will have the goodness to direct me to the house,' returned the young man. 'This is the Little Sanctuary, is it not?'

'Yes, sir, yes,' replied Peter. 'But what may be your business with Miser Scarve—beg pardon again, Mr. Scarve?'

'My business is not of much consequence,' rejoined the young man, somewhat coldly and haughtily, 'but it refers to Mr. Scarve himself.'

'Beg pardon, sir; no offence, I hope,' returned Peter, in a deprecatory tone; 'but Mr. Starve—bless me, how my tongue runs—Mr. Scarve is such a very odd man. He won't see you unless your business is very particular. Will you favour me with your name, sir?'

'My name is Randolph Crew,' returned the stranger.

'Crew—Crew!' repeated Peter; 'that should be a Cheshire name. Excuse the liberty, but are you from that county, sir?'

'I am—I am,' replied the other, impatiently.

'Ah! knew it at once, sir. Can't deceive me,' rejoined Peter.

'Fine head of hair, sir, very fine; but must lose it. Very well for Cheshire—but won't do in London. The ladies will laugh at you. Nothing so ungenteel as one's own hair. I've a fine head of hair myself, but can't wear it. Must have a wig. Wigs are as essential to a gentleman's head now-a-days as lace to his clothes. I have wigs of all sorts, all fashions, all prices; the minor bob; the Sunday buckle; the bob-major; the apothecary's bush; the physical and surgical tie; the scratch, or blood's skull covering; the Jehu's Jemmy, or white and all white; the campaign; and the Ramillies. If you'll step in, I'll show you the last new periwig—the Villiers—brought in on the great bean of that name,—have heard of him, I dare say, sir—and which all our brights, smart, putts, and jemmies are wearing. I have the counterpart of Beau Villiers's own periwig, which, between ourselves—for it must go no farther—I obtained from his gentleman, Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps. It is quite a wonder. Do step in, sir, and look at it. It will quite ravish you.'

'Thank you, friend; I am content with the covering nature has given to my head,' replied Randolph.

'And with very good reason, sir,' replied Peter; 'but fashion, sir,—fashion is arbitrary, and has decreed that no man shall wear his own hair. Therefore, you must, perforce, adopt the periwig.'

The Miser and his Establishment is capitally drawn:

"As Randolph Crew followed his conductor along the passage, the boards of which, being totally destitute of carpet or cloth, sounded hollowly beneath their feet; as he glanced at the bare walls, the dusty and cobweb-festooned ceiling, and the staircase, as devoid of covering as the passage, he could not but admit that the account given him by the barber of Mr. Scarve's miserly habits was not exaggerated. Little time, however, was allowed him for reflection. Jacob marched quickly in, and pushing open a door on the right, ushered him into his master's presence. Mr. Scarve was an old man, and looked much older than he really was,—being only sixty-five, whereas he appeared like eighty. His frame was pinched, as if by self-denial, and preternaturally withered and shrivelled; and there was a thin, haggard, and almost hungry, look about his face, extremely painful to contemplate. His features were strongly marked, and sharp, and his eye gray, keen, and piercing. He was dressed in a threadbare cloth robe, trimmed with sable, and wore a velvet nightcap, lined with cotton, on his head. The rest of his habiliments were darned and patched in an unseemly manner. He was seated near a small table, on which was laid a ragged and dirty cloth, covered with the remains of his scanty meal,

which Randolph's arrival had interrupted. Part of a stale loaf, a slice of cheese, and a little salt, constituted the sum total of the repast. Everything in the room bespoke the character of its owner. The panelled walls were without hangings or decoration of any kind. The room itself, it was evident, had known better days and richer garniture. It was plain, but handsome in its character, and boasted a large and well-carved chimney-piece, and a window filled with stained glass, displaying the armorial bearings of the former possessor of the house, though now patched in many places with paper, and stopped up in others with old rags. This window was strongly grated, and the bars were secured in their turn by a large padlock placed inside the room. Over the chimney-piece there were placed a couple of large blue and white china bottles, with dried everlasting flowers stuck in their necks. There were only two chairs in the room, and a stool. The best chair was appropriated by the miser himself. It was an old-fashioned affair, with great wooden arms, and a hard leathern back, polished like a well-blacked shoe by frequent use. A few coals, carefully piled into a little pyramid, burnt within the bars, as if to show the emptiness of the grate, and diffused a slight gleam, like a hollow laugh, but no sort of heat. Beside it sat Mrs. Clinton, an elderly maiden lady, almost as watery-looking and as pinched as her brother-in-law. This antiquated lady had a long thin neck, a large nose, very, very *retroussée*, and a skin yellow as parchment; but the expression of her countenance, though rather sharp and frosty, was kindly. She wore a close-fitting gown of dark camlet, with short tight sleeves, that by no means concealed the angularities of her figure. Her hair, which was still dark as in her youth, was gathered up closely behind, and was surmounted by the small muslin cap then in vogue. The object, however, that chiefly riveted Randolph's attention on his entrance was neither the miser himself, nor his sister-in-law, but his daughter. Her beauty was so extraordinary, that it acted like a surprise upon him, occasioning a thrill of delight, mingled with a feeling of embarrassment. She had risen as he entered the room, and gracefully, and with much natural dignity, returned his salutation, which, through inadvertence, he addressed almost exclusively to her. Hilda Scarve's age might be guessed at nineteen. She was tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a pale, clear complexion, set off by her rich raven tresses, which, totally unrestrained, showered down in a thick cloud over her shoulders. Her eyes were large, and dark, luminous, but steady, and indicated firmness of character. Her look was grave and sedate, and there was great determination in her beautifully-formed but closely shut lips. Both her aspect and deportment exhibited the most perfect self-command; and whatever effect might be produced upon her by the sudden entrance of the handsome visitor, not a glance was suffered to reveal it; while he, on the contrary, could not repress the admiration excited by her beauty. He was, however, speedily recalled to himself by the miser, who, rapping the table impatiently, exclaimed in a querulous tone, "Your business, sir?—Your business?"

Here is a vignette from St. James's Park:

"Beau Villiers was indeed, a remarkably handsome man, and dressed in the extremity of the mode; wore a light-blue embossed velvet coat, embroidered with silver, with broad cuffs similarly ornamented; a white waistcoat of the richest silk, likewise laced with silver; tawny velvet breeches, partly covered with pearl-coloured silk hose, drawn above the knee, and secured with silver garters. His dress was completed by shoes of black Spanish leather, fastened by large diamond buckles, and a superb Ramillies periwig of the lightest flaxen hair, which set off his brilliant complexion, and fine eyes, to admiration. He carried a three-cornered hat, fringed with feathers, and a clouded cane, mounted with a valuable pebble. Near the beau walked Lady Brabazon, a gorgeous dame of about five-and-forty, and still possessed of great personal attractions, which she omitted no means of displaying. She wore a hoop, and a white and silver satin sack. Struck by Randolph's figure at a distance, she had pointed him out to the beau, who thereupon vouchsafed to look towards him. Behind Lady Brabazon came her daughter Clementina, a

very pretty and very affected blonde of two-and-twenty, with an excessively delicate complexion, fair hair, summer blue eyes, and a very mincing gait. She was exquisitely dressed in the last new mode, with a small scalloped lace cap, her hair curled at her sides, a triple row of pearls round her neck, and a diamond cross attached to the chain; and though she pretended to be interested in the discourse of the old knight, it was evident her regards were attracted by the handsome young stranger. As to the old beau, he was, indeed, supremely ridiculous. He was attired in a richly embroidered cinnamon-coloured velvet coat, with fur cuffs of a preposterous size, each as large as a modern muff. His pantaloons legs were covered with pink silk hose; his wrinkled features were rouged and bepatched; and his wig was tied with a large bow, and had such an immense cue to it, that it looked as if a great dragon fly had perched on the back of his neck. Lady Brabazon was attended by a little black page, in a turban and eastern dress, who had charge of her favourite lap-dog."

Cruikshank's illustrations—Randolph Crew delivering the packet, and the Mall in the Park, with a vignette of Rosamond's Pond—are admirable; though the Park scene is somewhat deficient in execution—too slight and scratchy.

We can but briefly touch upon the remainder of the Number. "The Three Sisters," by C. S., is a graceful piece of verse—but nothing more. Mr. Tupper's "Flight upon Flying," is clever, but much too long for this kind of paper: it is likewise too cramped with technicalities, and aiming at every thing, accomplishes but little; it is too pointed to be pleasant, too strong in its scientific squibbery, which wants dilution to become the proof-spirit of magazine-writing: six pages of such matter is too strong a dose, especially for lady readers, who are very homœopathic in subjects of science. "Uncle Sam and the Editor" has none of the "peculiarities" of novelty. Mr. Ainsworth the traveller's Recollections of Izzet Mehemet Pacha is a specimen of the portrait-papers promised in the Address. "Sultan Stork—The Magic Powder, by Major O'G. Gahagan," is in the author's dry, quiet style of humour—but the framework of the "one thousand and second night, translation from the Persian," is somewhat *fade*; and following the Recollections of the Pacha is an injudicious sequence, reminding one of the distinction of Personal and Real. Miss Costello's Legend of the Pic du Capucin, is a pretty piece of romance; and Mr. Ollier's Snow Storm is a version of the old story of Elizabeth Woodcock, familiarised to the public in many places—from the *Philosophical Transactions* to Mr. Hone's Every-day or Table gossip; but, where is the portrait? Mr. Laman Blanchard's "Tour of Love and Time" is part of the "Transfer from the Omnibus." Cruikshank's vignette—Love pressing grapes, and the juice running into an hour-glass, sparkles in design, like choice Burgundy; and, Mr. Raymond's lines to an Andalusian Beauty are of the same calibre of merit. Next is a page and a half on Victor Hugo's new work, "The Rhine," which scarcely rises above the common-place of criticism; with the exception of a very sensible estimate of the *Nôtre Dame de Paris*. "The Lady's Page" promises entertainment for the Gentle, in pleasantries upon the events of the past month—as the New Exchange, the Christening, &c. "Our Library Table," is the *olla podrida* of the Number; with Letters, &c., from Mr. Tupper, and Mr. Buller of Brazenose. Mr. Tupper, by the way, considers his "Flight upon Flying" a light paper, adding, "unless I mistake:" we venture to think he does err, as poor Cocking did with his parachute.

From this hasty glance at the contents of Mr. Ainsworth's No. 1, our readers will perceive that it lacks not interest; though, with the exception of the Editor's tale, the papers rarely rise above that very doubtful grade of merit—respect-

ability. It has been drily said that when a witness in court says he knows nothing against the character of a man, he speaks little for it; and we find ourselves nearly in the same position as regards the attractions of this Magazine: it lacks the light artillery of facete literature—the whipped periodical cream, without which no work can long enjoy an extensive circulation, such as we should like to see this Magazine attain. First Numbers, we know, are beset with difficulties; and with the Editor's extensive literary connexions, we doubt not, he will produce scores of better Numbers than his commencement. That he may do so is our most anxious wish; and those of our readers who remember how far we have ventured to admire Mr. Ainsworth's former productions will be disposed to give us credit for sincerity upon this occasion—though our word—past or present—be but as a feather in the balance of public opinion.

Varieties.

Education and Crime.—That the majority of criminals are unable to read and write, is a fact which cannot be disputed; but it is also a fact equally indisputable, that the majority of criminals belong to the poorer classes of society: in which case it follows, that the temptation, and consequently the tendency among the individuals of that class to commit crime would be greater, while their inability to obtain instruction in, and consequently their knowledge of, reading and writing would be less among those of the more wealthy, and, therefore, less criminal class. Hence, if we assume any other circumstance which like that of an acquaintance with the arts of orthoepy and orthography, is an evidence of the pecuniary means of the culprits; as, for instance, an indulgence in any of the more expensive articles of dress—and take that for our measure of the morals of the prisoners, we shall find quite as large an amount of crime to be connected with the want of the one, as with an ignorance of the other. Indeed, we might just as rationally assert, because all the persons who counterfeit signatures are acquainted with the art of penmanship, that, therefore, a knowledge of writing engenders forgery, as that, because the majority of thieves are unacquainted with that art, therefore ignorance of it begets burglary.—*From What to Teach, and How to Teach it: so that a Child may become a Wise and Good Man.* By Henry Mayhew. Part I. The Cultivation of the Intellect.

Sparing Birds.—The Australians are very dexterous in killing a bird as it flies from its nest. This is executed by two men, one of whom, placing himself under the nest, throws a spear through its centre, so as to hit the bird in the breast, which frightened and slightly wounded, flies out, and is then struck to the ground by the *dow-uk*, which the other native hurls at it as it quits the tree. They are such good marksmen with these short, heavy sticks, that pigeons, quails, and even the smallest birds, are usually knocked over with them; and sometimes they kill a pigeon with a spear, at the distance of about thirty paces.

French Cookery.—Last month, a poor fellow was taken before the authorities in Paris, for begging in the streets. He had studied the science of cookery under the celebrated Carême, and was the inventor of the delicious *Saucons truffés à la broche*: he was in the last garb of want, and attributed his poverty to the decline of cookery from a science to a low art! We remember reading that cooks, in nine cases out of ten, after ministering to the luxury of the opulent, creep into holes and corners, and pass neglected out of the world.

Eggs.—"Doctor says," cried a mother to her delicate girl, "that you must take a new-laid egg with your breakfast every morning; so I've just ordered a dozen, all fresh to-day, and I hope they'll do you good."

Oddities.—Some of the publishers' announcements are droll enough. Thus we read of Ainsworth's *Windor Castle*; the Christening of the Prince of Wales in the *Sunday Times*; and the *Good Nurse*, neatly done up in cloth.

Hypnology.—We regret to record the death of Mr. Gardner, the Hypnologist, whose system of producing sound and refreshing sleep, was noticed in our last Journal. Mr. Gardner was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 3rd instant; he had been taken ill on the Tuesday previous, but had so far recovered on Wednesday as to be able to attend to his professional duties. Dr. Burke gave it as his opinion, that death was produced by a deficiency of vital power in the brain. Mr. Gardner was a native of Ireland: those only to whom his mystery was unfolded by the professor himself, can judge of the effect produced, as they were invariably enjoined to secrecy.

Excellent Fritters.—Boil two mealy potatoes, and rub them with two table-spoonfuls of flour; peel and chop three or four sharp apples, and mix the whole into a batter with the beaten yolks of three and the whites of two eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of brandy; grate in a little nutmeg and ginger, and fry in a pan of boiling fat.—*Original.*

Glass Church-Bells are among modern wonders. One has just been cast in Sweden; its diameter is six feet, and its tone is said to be finer than any metal bell.—*Tyne Mercury.*

Keeping out the Cold.—Most persons know the *horripilation*, or goose-skin feeling produced by cold; this, a Correspondent of *The Times* states he has prevented, by rubbing himself all over with olive oil, repeating it at intervals of eight or ten days, during which he was scarcely sensible of the feeling of cold, nor did he care to go near a fire.

Sea Kale cannot be easily overlooked: after being well boiled, it should be thoroughly drained, and then suffered to remain a few minutes before the fire.

Poor Ducrow, the equestrian, and probably the most remarkable man in his line, died on the 27th ult., in his 54th year, of paralysis. The loss of his amphitheatre, and other theatrical property, by fire, in June last, and the death of one of his most faithful servants, brought on insanity, from which he never recovered. He was a very eccentric, but kind-hearted, man.

The King of Prussia is about 5 feet 9 inches in height; of stout proportions, and about forty-five years of age. His hair is light, his eyes greyish-blue, and his complexion full and florid; he has but little whisker, and wears no mustachios; his appearance is dignified and commanding, but decidedly English.—*John Bull.*

Polite Economy.—In one of the *Paston Letters*, date, about 1465, we find the mayor and mayoress of Norwich sending their own dinners to a gentleman's house, where they go to dine; nor is it noticed as any thing out of the common course; indeed, "they have sent to me divers times," in the letter, may imply that they sent dinners.

Odd Caution.—"A poor servant and beadsman," writing from Heyleadon, to his master, John Paston, "in haste," in 1465, moves him to take measures for the safety of his estate, from the Duke of Suffolk's men, in these quaint words, which, in our time, would be deemed a strange liberty: "Ye must seek some other remedy than ye do, or else in my conceit it shall go to the devil and be destroyed, and that in right short time; and, therefore, at the reverence of God, take some appointment," &c.

Collar of S.S.—Collars were, in the middle ages, generally worn by persons of consequence, and by the fashion and form of them, the rank of the wearer was intended to be ascertained: they were usually formed of S.S., having on the centre before, a rose or some other device, and were made either of gold or silver, according to the rank, dignity, or fortune of the wearer. By an act "For Reformation of Excess of Apparel," passed in 24 Hen. VIII. 1532, it was enacted, "that no man, unless he be a knight, wear any collar of gold, named a collar of S.S." This collar, therefore, from the above time, became the distinguishing badge of knighthood.

LONDON: W. BRITTAI, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Dublin: CURRY & Co.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.